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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. In 11 vols.; Vol. XI. Part I. *Essays on Ballad Poetry, and Introductions.* Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

AN animated literary auto-biography, and by Sir Walter Scott. What a mass of interest lies in those few words! from the country book-club, that hurries its bookseller with orders for the last volume of *Memoirs*, to the London drawing-room, crowding to gaze on the lion of the night, the same passion of individualizing our previous idea of a great man predominates. Whether it is that curiosity inherent in our nature, or, to subtilise a little, that leveling spirit which would fain believe that a display of the same weaknesses, passions, hopes, and fears, makes our idol one with ourselves,—we have not time to analyse; but certain it is, that the diorama which brings before us actual scenes of the author's life, is one of our most popular exhibitions. Denon's talents for telling a story are said to have been such, that Napoleon was wont to interrupt an unhappy narrator with, "*Ah, Denon, contez nous cela!*" This peculiar talent—this natural honey-dropping from the lip—Scott possesses in perfection; and the history of his poetical career, as developed in a series of introductions to his various works, makes this a truly delightful volume. But his own account confirms what was always our opinion,—that he only (like Wordsworth) wanted some strong passion to have given his pages the last touch of poetical perfection: he has been the Lucullus of literature—he conquered, and then enjoyed; he has led a life of pleasant study and social intercourse; and if his heroes are scarcely ever terrible in the conflict of passionate feelings, it is because these feelings found no original cause, no answering tone, in his own mind. But in all other qualities, how large is his portion! His descriptions are fairy wands, that call up the scene before you; his narrative is dramatic in its power, and—but who ever took up a volume of his without reading, or read without remembering? Like Prospero, we bury our book, and break our rod of criticism, in his favour: let him speak for himself.

"My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in

a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. Although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I might not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency,—matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits. During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and he of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was dead; and, even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could shew a legitimate title of sovereignty."

An interesting view of German literature follows, and he proceeds to its influence on himself.

"In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish encouraged

young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders, which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher, on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by MacKenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman), who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us '*The Death of Abel*,' as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathise with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than '*The Death of Abel*.'"

His friendship with Lewis is another link in his progress: we cannot omit the following extract.

"I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawlplucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *doe*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

Glenfinlas and the *Eve of St. John* were written about this time.

"Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon; and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, shewing my precious wares and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of authors; and justly, no doubt, to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals; and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted, so much the better. But I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivered his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedra*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered; but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one. At last, after

thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy (of *Glenfinlas*, I think), and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line; and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were such as neither could be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production. About the time that I shook hands with criticism, and reduced my ballads back to their original form, stripping them without remorse of those 'lendings' which I had adopted at the suggestion of friends, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of 'Tales of Terror,' and afterwards 'Tales of Wonder,' which last was finally adopted."

The following is the account of how he finally decided on pursuing the career of literature.

"It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular; an eminent example of which has been shewn in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability,

has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched. Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course. I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalled by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports, also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many, who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluct-

ance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession. On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead; so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood. In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the irritable race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times. Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep, as far as was in my power, abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits; as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast; and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library. My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself

with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep. It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief), that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties. I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded; namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them."

Speaking of the *Lady of the Lake*: "I remember that about the same time a friend started in to 'heeze up my hope,' like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together. As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must

have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale."

We shall conclude by collecting in a paragraph the various receipts of his poems:—

"The work brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.*, to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers. * * The publishers of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for *Marmion*. The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise,—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshhead of excellent claret."

We find, in spite of our columns, we must extract the account of his own change from poetry to prose—*Rokely*.

"The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophised the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin:—

'And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shewn.'

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actæon fell under his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies) who could fence very nearly, or quite, as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at

least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a burlesque instead of a serious copy. In either way, the effect of it is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which befall a composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer. Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by shewing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *school*, as it was called, was now fast decaying. Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when *Robeys* appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the First Canto of *Childe Harold*. I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the *Hours of Idleness*, nor the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:—

‘How happily the days of *Thalaba* went by!’

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief employment. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed,

do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race,—

Non jam prima peto Mnesteus, neque vincere certo:
Quamquam O,—Sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune,
dedisti:

Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas.”

Perhaps the most curious and marked traits in these memoirs of Sir Walter Scott are the total want of enthusiasm in his character, and the strong sense, the clear, worldly spirit of calculation displayed: he was the very man to get on in life. Our copious extracts will be their own excuse; and we can only say, amid our author's many delightful works, this is one of his most delightful. Who is there but will be happy in this admission behind the inner veil of his private life?

Hannibal's Passage of the Alps. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

WE thought that the question of Hannibal's passage had been settled—at least, we know that some persons who are considered as wise and learned have committed themselves by saying that De Luc, and Wickham and Cramer, by their investigations, and Brockedon by his *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, had convinced them that it had been set at rest, and that the honour of the passage had remained with the Little St. Bernard. A new combatant, however, appears against all these, armed with a little Greek, and nothing else, to support his pretensions. His extreme ignorance of the regions upon which he writes has betrayed him into the error of believing, that because he has drawn a red line over a map, and called it *Hannibal's route*, it was just as easy for the army of Hannibal to have traversed the country which he fancies his map to represent; and, as he says, “that the question to be discussed is not, what was the best or the worst, the longest or the shortest road,” he has amused us by adding another variety—an *impracticable one*.

The author seems at once to have jumped to the conclusion, that every thing in Messrs. Wickham and Cramer's Dissertation upon the Passage of Hannibal, must be wrong, because some rendering by them of the Greek text of Polybius into English does not agree with his notions. He might have had modesty enough to have entertained some doubt of his own. Those authors are distinguished as scholars, and, what is of more importance to the inquiry, they have actually examined and investigated, in repeated journeys, the various routes in the Alps, by which different authors have conjectured that Hannibal passed these mountains; they have believed the account of Polybius to be true; and they have found upon the Little St. Bernard only such localities as agree with the events related by Polybius. But our author, who has brought to the inquiry something like the geography of a schoolboy, and not more than his Greek, has sought to destroy all the evidence of Wickham and Cramer by verbal criticisms alone, except upon the fact of the view of the plains of Italy from the Col de Viso, the pass which he advocates; but he seems to have forgotten that there were other and more important, because less equivocal, proofs to establish, than the view of Italy from the summit of the pass: a space must be discovered there large enough to encamp an army such as Hannibal's, and a white rock must be found at the foot of the pass, where Hannibal could have protected the passage of his army the night before they attained

the summit. Does the Member of the University know that no such rock is found near the Viso, and that the crest of the pass is so mere a ridge, that fifty men could not be stationed there at the same time, and that no site for an encampment exists on or near it? Polybius says, that the army encamped on the summit of the pass for two days. How does our “learned Theban” try to get over this difficulty?—by doing the very thing of which he accuses the authors of the Dissertation—adapting the text of Polybius to his theory, and stating that the Carthaginians encamped about the summit of the pass of Monte Viso.—*Ἐνταῦχος δὲ διανύσας εἰς τὰς ὑπερβολὰς αὐτῶν καταστὰς, καὶ δύο ἡμέρας περιέμεινεν*—“and on the ninth day, having completed his ascent to the summit of the pass, he encamped there, and remained two days;” not about it, as our author has rendered it, to serve his own purposes, but upon it: and it is worthy of remark, that the word *ὑπερβολὰς*, used by Polybius for the summit of the pass, does not apply to the summit of the mountain; it is merely the *highest part of the way over*. But even the preposition *about*, thus falsely pressed into the new military service, will not assist the “Member” on the pass of the Viso; for there is no place on it, or near it, or about it, where the army of Hannibal could have encamped. The pass is over a narrow ridge, stretching like a wall between two mountains; and in order to attain it, the traveller must climb over some beds of perpetual snow, by a path impracticable for mules. The passage of the Viso can only be made on foot; and from time immemorial until the end of the fifteenth century, it was only thus attainable. About the year 1480, however, a Marquess of Saluces, in whose territory the valley of the Po (which descends from the Monte Viso) lay, caused a road to be made to facilitate the commercial intercourse of his subjects with Dauphiny by mules across the Viso; and to avoid the ridge of the pass, he directed a road to be cut through the mountain, about 300 feet below it, and carried a gallery 230 feet long and 8 feet high and wide, from the side of Piedmont to the side of Dauphiny. Twenty years were spent in the formation of this mule-path, which has now been long destroyed; and the *trou de traverse*, the name by which the passage was known, has been for many years so completely closed up on both sides by the *débris* which have fallen from the mountain, that even its situation cannot now be traced: and this is the pass by which, in its primitive state, our author would have us believe that Hannibal, with his elephants, and horses, and beasts of burden, traversed, and upon which he encamped! Our Member of the University of Cambridge is evidently unacquainted with the country which he describes, and seems to rely upon the Marquess of St. Simon's authority for the practicability of the route of the Viso to Hannibal.* But of this the marquess appears to be as ignorant as himself.

Though St. Simon,† in his *Histoire de la*

* “Le Col de Viso, bon à pied, allant de vallée de Queyras à Griesoles dans la vallée du Pô en Piedmont.”—*Topographie des Grandes Alpes*, par le Marquis de Pesay. Gen. Bourcet, in his *Mémoires Militaires sur les Frontières de la France*, mentions the impracticability of the passage of the Viso, before the gallery was made, and since its destruction. General Bourcet surveyed the entire frontier of France towards Piedmont; and his authority is the best ever published.

† St. Simon's authority in history is no better than in geography; for he speaks of the passage by Francis I. of the Viso, instead of the Argentières; Francis never passed the Viso, if contemporary historians and the autobiographical memoirs of his companions are any authority. It is curious to compare St. Simon's statement, when he has a theory to establish, in his passage of Hannibal, with the efforts which he makes in the same work,

Guerre des Alpes, writes of the "courses que j'ai faites entre Barcelonnette et Briançon," yet this no more proves his acquaintance with the pass of the Viso, than our author's book proves that he ever wandered from the banks of the Cam. In the war of 1744, when St. Simon was engaged in the siege of Coni, he became acquainted with the pass of the Argentière, by which the army of Don Philip and the Prince of Conti passed into Piedmont: he had occasion in his marches to pass by the Col de Vars and by the valleys of the Durance and the Ubaye—but not by the Viso, which we feel convinced that he never saw, not only from his incomprehensible statements in page 32 of his preface, but from his doubt or denial of the only fact upon which the theory of the passage of the Viso by Hannibal rests—the view thence of the plains of Italy. Our author states this fact upon the authority of Brockedon's *Passes of the Alps*, but, with a disingenuousness of purpose which deserves reprobation, he quotes only a part of a sentence in which the *improbability* of the pass of the Viso is shewn, though the plains can be seen from the Col, as if Brockedon advocated also the pass of the Viso to be the route of Hannibal; whereas all the proofs which that author has collected tend directly to establish the passage of the Carthaginians by the Little St. Bernard! But this is not the only misquotation which betrays either an intention to deceive, or an unpardonable ignorance of the subject: in page 97 our Cantab describes the appearance of the Alps and *Monte Viso* from Le Breoule in the valley of the Durance in Dauphiny, as if Monte Viso could be seen from this place; and again quotes from Brockedon a description of the appearance of the Monte Viso from a place in the plains of Piedmont, four days' distance from La Breoule—in point of fact, it is not possible from any spot within the distance of two days' journey from Le Breoule to see the Viso. Does this Member of the University of Cambridge think that his numerous misrepresentations can be overlooked in the world's admiration of his Greek criticisms? such as his accounts of plains lying between Tallard and the Ubaye;—that Hannibal's army was without baggage;—that the Allobroges, who could supply the army of Hannibal, were "an unsettled tribe of warlike barbarians, and their metropolis a village;"—and that olives do not grow north of Barcelonnette (when it happens that they are not found there, but grow as far north as the lake of Como):—does he imagine that such matters as these at all affect the real question at issue?

The complacency with which he has drawn a red line over his map and called it Hannibal's route, is very amusing; from La Breoule this line leads—not to Embrun and the valley of the Guil, which lay directly before him—but, out of the way, up the val-

ley of the Ubaye, one of the most sterile in that country, where an army which had to procure supplies on its march must have been starved: having reached Barcelonnette, however, the passage of the Alps by the Argentière was then of easy accomplishment, and in two days the army might have been in the plains of Italy; but then it could not have enjoyed a view from the summit of the Viso, upon which our author was fixed; and the distances would not have suited this pretty theory. He writes of the Carthaginians being "conducted from the valley of the Ubaye up the deep gorges of the river Guil"—as if these were in connexion; and his only excuse can be, that he was not aware of the intervention of an enormous range of mountains. The red line, therefore, is carried on over mountains and through defiles, regardless of the impossibility of an army following its course, and taking it for granted that this trifling objection would not be made: if, however, this route had been passable to such an army, it would only have led them to the same spot in four days, which they might have reached by the valley of the Durance, from Le Breoule, in one. Nor is it the work of Wickham and Cramer alone that our author opposes: Polybius is quite as intractable to his hypothesis—for in page 35 he says, that "the distances are so inaccurate and inconsistent in Polybius, that they cannot be safely followed." More learned authorities than he is, have followed them without difficulty—but not by his impossible route. Is it not intolerable, that the testimony of Polybius, who travelled over the line of Hannibal's march within forty years of the event, expressly to verify his narrative, should be disputed by one thus pretending to inform us, who, if he was ever out of Cambridge, certainly never visited the countries upon which he presumes to write, and of which he is so ignorant?

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians; Memoirs and Notes. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. I. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

A COMMENTATOR must be made up (as some old French author says of his mistress) of all opposite qualities: he must have the industry of the antiquary, the imagination of the poet: without the first he will never be able to collect his materials—without the second he will never make good use of them. Of both these qualities is Mr. Panizzi possessed: a devout admirer of his national literature, his enthusiasm has made him patient; and the interest he evidently takes in his researches, prevents a shade of tedium from approaching either him or his reader. We would instance his analysis of the history of *Palamon and Arcite*, as one of the most perfect pieces of criticism and comparison we know. We do not agree with him in tracing Charlemagne, &c. to a British origin, in preference to the Gaulic: "let each divide the palm." These hypotheses, that go so far into remote ages, are like the early discoverers' accounts of America,—one story held good till another was told. But we do give our author the very greatest credit for the industrious ingenuity with which he collects passages, draws inferences, and thus deduces facts which throw great light on that romantic but fable-hidden period. His idea that Charlemagne is rather a cento of the bad qualities of his successors, than that great monarch himself, is as curious as it is original; and his other illus-

trations are equally excellent—witness the following:—

"Idolatry and paganism constituted the religion professed by the Danes or Normans. Against Christianity they were as inveterate as the Saracens, but treated in a friendly manner those Christians who embraced their worship, as many did. Most of the places which the Saracens had attacked and plundered, or with which the Moslem name was connected, as having been the scenes of their exploits, were visited also by the Normans. Bordeaux and Tours were at one time devastated by them. The latter of these towns had been saved from the fury of the Saracens in 732 by the victory of Charles Martel over them; but under Charles the Bald both places were plundered, and the city afterwards burnt by the Normans in 853. Provence had been infested by Normans in the time of Charles Martel, and was ravaged both by Saracens and Normans, during eight years of the reign of another Charles, sovereign of that country, nephew of Charles the Bald, who died in 863. Between the end of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth centuries, the Saracens, as well as the Normans, together with the Hungarians, attacked the kingdom of Burgundy on different sides. It is not, therefore, surprising, that ancient historians should have asserted Ogier le Dannoys to be a Saracen from Africa; for, amongst these plunderers, resembling each other in cruelty, rapacity, and hatred of the Christian religion, it was difficult to distinguish the Mahometan from the Pagan. This theory, founded on the state of affairs at the period in question, is supported by what has been hitherto supposed the ignorance of the old romancers in continually confounding Mahometans and Pagans together, till at length they made a god of Mahomet, and supposed the Moslems to be idolaters. When, in the twelfth century, paganism had almost wholly disappeared, and the Saracens were the nation against which all Christendom joined in making war, the persons who from the popular lays formed those narratives now called Romances, could not possibly have had either the means or inclination for discriminating between Pagans and Mahometans. Not the means, because it required more learning than they possessed; nor the inclination, because the descendants of the Normans were then Christians, and settled in France, England, and Italy; they could have no wish to perpetuate the memory of events so little honourable to their ancestors. Nor would the clergy waste the popular passions by exciting an idle hatred against enemies no longer in existence. But all interests were joined in obliterating all distinction between the old enemies of Christianity, by fixing on the Saracens both their own crimes and those of the Normans. How could the writers of that period suspect that a Charles, who was represented as fighting against the enemies of Christianity in Provence about the same epoch (if an epoch was mentioned at all), which enemies were sometimes designated Pagans and sometimes Moslems; how should such writers doubt that he was combating the same party all the while? In those days it is probable that every enemy of Christianity was fancied to be a Saracen, and therefore the Normans, adoring Apollo and Trivigante, were supposed to be Mahometans, and to worship Mahomet. This will also serve to explain why, according to the old romances, there were Mahometans or Saracens in places where the name of the prophet had perhaps

Guerre des Alpes, to shew the dangers encountered by him in the pass of Le Breoule: he says "the difficulties are so great, that nothing but habit prevents the people of the country from considering the danger which is always present; that a man cannot remain on horseback in passing, because the pass, which has been cut out of the side of the rocks, is not high enough;" and he describes its appearance along the gorges as "like ruts formed in the walls of narrow roads by the ends of the axles of carriages;" he says that "conductors are obliged to remove the ornaments from the heads and pack-saddles of the laden mules which pass, lest they should strike the rocks above them; and that if the loads extend too far from the sides of the beasts, there is great danger in touching the rocks at the side, where a slight shock might destroy the equilibrium of the beasts, and they would fall over into frightful abysses;"—and this is one of the places where St. Simon and his Cambridge follower would have us believe that the elephants of Hannibal passed before even such a road was made!

never been heard of; more particularly in Denmark, whence the Normans originally came. Finally, we here find a plausible reason for the strange opinion that Denmark was in Africa or Asia, and that through that country the knights returned to the west, who had been fighting gloriously in the east, against the Soldans of Persia, Babylon, or Egypt."

"We will not omit one short note, shewing how greatly one age resembles another; and that the principle which now leads the poet to Paternoster Row, is but the same which governed his music in the baron's hall.

"That the itinerant poets did not sing or tell their stories for nothing, is beyond all doubt; and it would be pedantic to quote instances of it. I shall content myself with mentioning one piece of this kind, which is singular, from the way in which the poet's payment is alluded to. In the *Reverie*, published by Le Grand, the poet interrupts his whimsical effusion at once, and says; 'I shall sing no more without money.'"

We cannot but give the highest praise to our Italian's English, not for the mere grace of style, but for its animation: the pressure of matter alone prevents us from illustrating it by his very lively, as well as neatly turned, strictures on the heroine of the *Tesside*.

There are some elegant translations by Lady Dacre, Stewart Rose, and Sotheby: we must give the lady's performance preference, though Mr. Sotheby's are wonderfully close and poetical.

"And Forisene was in her heart aware,
That love of her was Oliver's sole care.
And because Love not willingly excuses
One who is loved and loveth not again;

(For tyrannous were deemed the rule he uses,
Should they who sue for pity sue in vain;
What gracious lord his faithful liege refuses?)

So when the gentle dame perceived the pain
That well nigh wrought to death her valiant knight,
Her melting heart began his love requite.

And from her eyes oft beamed the answering ray
That Oliver's soul-thrilling glance returns:

Love in these gleamy lightnings loves to play,
Till but one flame two youthful bosoms burns.

To tend his grievous wounds she comes one day;
And towards him with greeting mute she turns;

For on her lips her voiceless words are stayed,
And her bright eyes are fain to lend his aid.

When Oliver perceived that Forisene
Accosted him with shrinking timid grace,
The pains which insupportable had been
Vanished, and to far other ill gave place;

His soul is torn sweet hopes and doubts between,
And you might almost, 'mid these flutterings, trace
A dear assurance to be loved by her;

For silence is Love's best interpreter.
He might besides, as she drew near, observe
O'er all her face a deep vermilion dye,
And short, and broken, checked by cold reserve,
Her accents of condoling courtesy,
For the sharp wounds he suffered, to preserve
Her worthless self in her extremity.
With downcast looks, that speak of hope the while—
For this of lovers ever is the style.

And thus in lowly accents falling still:—
'The fates, spiteful destiny,' she said,
'Or, in whatever sort, high Heaven's will
Me to a miserable death had led;
Thou canst, Sir Paladin, and didst fulfil
Heaven's high behest, from highest Heaven sped
For my release, and 'tis through thee I live!
Therefore for these thy wounds I justly grieve.'

These words within his inmost heart found place,
And on their sweetness Oliver relled,
Even for the joy of that one moment's space
Gladly the knight before Love's shrine had died,
O'ercome by gratitude for so much grace!

And prising little all of life beside,
Nay, holding, I had almost said, at naught—
He, bashful, thus gave utterance to his thought:—
'Never, fair lady, in my earthly course,
Have I done aught that brought so true content;
If I have rescued thee from fate's dark force,
Such sweetness through my heart the deed hath sent.
As none can match from any other source:
I know thou wouldst not my every pain prevent—
But different wounds for different balms assuage,
'Twere better else I'd felt the monster's rage.'

Well knew the maiden to interpret right
These gentle words and print them on her heart;
So in Love's subtle school each task is light!
And, sighing, to herself she said apart,

'Yes, thy new grief I will with mine requite—
Nor were it better thou hadst felt death's dart;
Ingratitude such love shall never know,
This breast is not of adamant, I trow.'

With sighs departed Forisena fair,
And Oliver remained afflicted more;
Nor of his gashes thought he thought or care,
For anguish of the inward wound he bore.

And weeping, lingering, sighing sad between,
'Adieu!—the knight had said to Forisene.

When the fair maid beheld her parting knight,
She many times to follow him designed,
With other thoughts all wild and opposite,
Nor longer could she keep her love confined.

Then to gaze after him, though lost to sight,
Led to her lattice by the archer blind,
The cruel urchin twang'd his fatal bow,
And on the earth beheld the damsel low!

The tidings heard, her aged father sped
To raise his prostrate child,—and she was dead!"

To the general reader these pages present
much attraction: the analysis of the stories is
amusing; the criticisms are excellent, and en-
livened by much of shrewd observation and witty
remark: but to the Italian student the disqui-
sition is invaluable; no library where Ariosto,
Tasso, &c. are favourites should be without
this their fitting companion. We must con-
clude by the technical praise of how beautifully
the book is got up and printed: Mr. Pickering
has done honour even to his press, by the *gentle-
man-like* style in which he has clothed this
gentleman and scholar-like performance.

The Mussulman. By R. R. Madden, Esq.
Author of "Travels in Turkey, Egypt,
Nubia, and Palestine." 3 vols. 12mo. Lon-
don, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE are three very amusing volumes; oriental and sentimental, both in the best sense of the words. There are lively sketches of the race of the turban and sabre; some good contrasts of the sad and serious; and several narratives introduced with very good effect. We select the following as a pitiable, and we believe a most true picture of the "landed interest in the East." It might serve as a lesson to some of our own malcontents.

"The earliest feat I remember of my youth," said he, "was beating a rogue out of the village, who had robbed a chicken-oven: I was so incensed against the fellow, that I verily believe I should have killed him, had I had a sword. Blessed prophet! said I, how is it possible there can be such rogues in the world; is it not pleasanter to eat one's own bread than that of another? And is it not safer to live by industry than by knavery? These rogues must have different natures to mine; they must surely be of another race altogether. My father having died, I succeeded to all his property. I need not tell you it was acquired under the beys; for since Mohammed Ali has been our pasha, no man has been able to make money, much less to keep what his father made for him. I farmed twenty feddans of the choicest land in the Faïoum, from the lord of the soil, the mighty pasha. I turned up the earth, and beans and rice came forth in abundance. Praise be to Allah! said I, what a happy world is this! But the soldiers came round, and said, 'Where is the produce of the pasha's land?'—and coming into my house, they found a pilau of rice on the floor. 'Allah,' said they, twirling their mustachoes, 'here is a pessavink, who has the audacity to eat the grain he grows;—down with the presumptuous knave, and up with his feet!' In the twinkling of an eye, their thick sticks were belabouring my soles; and when they were fatigued with the operation, and I half dead with the pain, they bade me rise. 'Kafir,' said the chief man of them, 'did you imagine

your soul was yours, in the land of Mohammed Ali, that you dared to eat his rice? Did you not know, that you were the slave of a generous master, who took the produce of the soil at his own price?'—and, with that, they measured the stock and carried it away; giving me an order on the Miri for the sum they were pleased to allow me. It barely paid the expense of cultivation; but when I went to the hazzahdar, he gave but a fourth of the tuskaree in money, and a cheque on a merchant for the remainder. The merchant told me I must take half the amount in cloth and cottons. I was obliged to do so; and having sold these in the bazar for half what they cost me, I returned home half ruined. It is better, said I, to throw up the land at once; another good crop would utterly destroy me! I went to the casheff who governed the district, but he laughed at my beard when I told him my intention: 'Give up the land, indeed,' said he; are you mad enough to think the pasha will permit you? Go home and dig the canals, and be sure you water your rice-grounds well; for if your cultivation be not better than it was last harvest, you will be surely flogged.' I went home with a sorrowful heart; I tilled the ground; I irrigated it from morning to night; the grain sprung up, my heart died away at the fertility of the soil; the crop was more abundant than ever;—I was completely undone. There was no salvation for me from the curse of such a plentiful harvest, except in flight; and accordingly I fled the most unfortunately fertile district in all Egypt. I began to think the man who robbed the chicken-oven must have been a farmer of the pasha's. 'The peasant cannot help stealing,' said I, 'if the prince be an oppressor.' I remember having heard a learned man say, the prayer of the oppressed was to be dreaded, even when the arrows of the tyrant had drained the blood of the poor man, that his supplications were not to be suppressed. I thought it would be a good thing to rob the public granaries; I procured employment in one of them; I began with a handful of beans, and ended with a sackful of opium and indigo. I was at length discovered, and I suppose it is needless to say, when I was thrust out of doors I had not a leg to stand on. Why should I confine my depredations, said I, to the substance of Mohammed Ali? he is not the only oppressor of the poor fellow, the hard-working peasant. Every one who is rich is the poor man's enemy; therefore to plunder him can be no crime. I accordingly commenced with a Jew banker; I slipped into his house at dusk, and left it with a dozen amber-mouthed chibouques. I increased in adroitness with the magnitude of my attempts; at last I carried away a bale of tobacco from the storehouse of a merchant of Bar 'el Cham—the prophet was not with me; I was seized at my own door, and beaten till further blows were deemed unnecessary. It was written, I was not to die just then. I recovered shortly, and the first use I made of my returning strength, was to plunder a mosque of five Persian praying carpets. [Here there was a general murmur of disapprobation among the prisoners.] I could not help it," continued the sacrilegious felon, "the pasha's oppression made me a rogue; the contempt and uncharitableness of the world made me a villain; and the frowns of my unpropitious planet, and the loss of the prophet's patronage, made me a kafir; and therefore I robbed the temple of Allah; but I did not prosper. I sold the plunder to a Greek priest, who was on his way to Elode, the holy city

of Jerusalem, for three hundred piastres. I returned home delighted with my sale. I looked at my money, I counted it over and over; a piece fell on the floor: a clod on a cold breast could not give a duller sound. Bead of the prophet! cried I, here is treachery. I examined the other pieces, every coin of them was base money. Allah Allah! cried I, in my desperation, there is no faith, no honesty in the world; the very priest cheats the robber of the church. I must put this money off, said I, in the best way I can; and then, cursing the mother of the Greek priest with becoming fervour, I sallied forth. It occurred to me there was a deaf jeweller in the bazar. I proceeded to his shop, hoping, as I had been deceived by the sight of the money, so might he. From the sound I had nothing to fear. Having purchased a quantity of goods, I paid down the money. There was no one in the shop but a blind muzzin from a neighbouring mosque. The merchant examined the money: 'It looks good,' said she, 'and I suppose it is so; if the poor muzzin was not blind, I would get him to examine it likewise.' Thank Heaven, said I to myself, that he is blind, otherwise it would go hard with me. I was on the point of leaving the shop, with my purchase under my arm, when the unlucky son of darkness groped his way to the counter, and bade the merchant jingle the pieces on the money trough. I was ready to sink into the earth. Piece after piece was jingled, and condemned. I endeavoured to escape, but the merchant laid fast hold of me—and here I am covered with crimes, which Allah, in his justice, will lay at the door of the poor man's oppressor, the pasha of El Masr."

The heroine is very sweetly drawn; and the whole work much raises our estimate of Mr. Madden's talents.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XIII. King's Edition. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE great success of this work has induced the publishers, as we have already stated, to issue a quarto edition, with proof impressions of the plates, distinguished by the name of "the King's Edition." We avail ourselves of the appearance of this thirteenth No. to extract from the Memoir of Mr. Canning the following anecdotes, which we think cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

The first is in illustration of the statement that it was chiefly attributable to Mr. Canning's persuasion that the Princess of Wales was induced to quit England, in 1813.

"The writer of this article one day happened to wait at Gloucester Lodge while the Princess of Wales had an interview with Mr. Canning; and on her retiring, was shewn into the room which her royal highness had left. He found Mr. Canning standing by the fireplace, very deeply affected; and after some matters of less consequence, the conversation turned on the then engrossing topic of the day. In the course of this, to him so interesting scene, he accidentally leaned his arm upon the chimney-piece; when Mr. Canning (who was describing the forlorn situation of her royal highness as she had just painted it to him) exclaimed with great emotion—'Stop! your sleeve is now wet with a princess's tears.' It was true:—her royal highness had been weeping there over her deserted condition; and we believe that within a few hours of this time, Mr. Canning, moved by her distress, had ap-

plied for, and obtained, the frigate which bore her from the English shore."

The next relates to the appointment of Mr. Canning as Premier.

"It can, alas! be no breach of etiquette or betrayed confidence now to record how powerfully Mr. Canning was affected by his majesty's behaviour on this exciting occasion. On the succeeding day, when he described it to the writer, he was almost overcome by the emotions called up by the bare recollection of the king's goodness. They were alone in St. James's; and the important subject of the resignation of Mr. Canning's late colleagues, the propositions for the choice of new members to the cabinet, the course of policy to be adopted on certain leading questions,—had been considered in a manner worthy of the frank and manly natures of both the parties; when his majesty, who had a while leaned upon the arm of the chair on which Mr. Canning sat, held out the royal sign of his entire confidence, and gave him his hand to kiss, accompanied by expressions so sincere and gratifying, that the deeply touched minister could only drop on his knee and impress on it the silent oath of his utter devotedness and love. We could wish, if it were possible, to paint a historical picture of so interesting a scene, and one which ought never to be forgotten when the patriotic virtues of either the monarch or the subject are remembered."

The last anecdote that we shall quote shews the amiable and benevolent feelings of Mr. Canning in a very striking point of view.

"The writer was one day with him when either the newspapers or some private person gave an account of a woman with a family of children in mourning having watched the egress of Lord Sidmouth (then home secretary) from his official residence, and thrown herself bathed in tears at his feet, while the children clung to his dress and implored, in the most melting tones, mercy for a husband and a father, who was under sentence of death and about to be executed. The sentence, it appeared, was irrevocable, and the noble lord had literally to be torn from the despairing group. We well remember Mr. Canning's observation—'I would not be in that situation, exposed to such an affliction, for all the power and influence possessed by all the ministry.'"

Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive. 2 vols. 12mo. Whittaker and Co.

WHEN we have so many voluminous publications upon India, which, important and valuable as they are, tax the time of general readers too much to enjoy very general circulation, the present work is peculiarly acceptable. It is diligently compiled, easily written, and very neatly as well as usefully illustrated by plates and maps.

Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage. Large 4to. pp. 167. London, 1830. J. Hearne.

To this very beautiful, and, to the lovers of numismatics, most interesting and invaluable work, we cannot, this week, pay the detailed attention it so richly deserves. We will, therefore, only say (previous to its appearance on Monday next), that it illustrates the mintage of the English kings in France, from the acquisition of Aquitaine by Henry II., for three centuries, in a manner beyond all praise; whether we look at the accuracy and beauty of the engravings, by Finden; at the number and rarity of the coins (many of which are

unique); or at the amazing industry and skillful comments of the collector, who has, by his researches, corrected some errors, and added some most curious particulars to this memorable period of British history.

An Introduction to a Course of German Literature; in Lectures to the Students of the University of London. By Ludwig von Mühlenfels, LL.D., &c. 8vo. London, 1830. Taylor.

THE present volume comprises the introductory part of a Course of Lectures on the History of German Literature since the time of the Reformation, delivered by Dr. Mühlenfels to the pupils of the University of London. Considering the literature of a people as "the great repository of their ideas," the lecturer shews, that without it the history of a nation cannot be properly understood; as, on the other hand, "the literature of a people, the bloom of the national mind, cannot be duly judged and estimated without tracing its course as the product of the historical development of mankind generally, and in particular, of that of the nation to which it belongs." Accordingly, he commences his Introduction by tracing in a rapid but lively sketch the progress of mankind through the prominent stages of its history down to the period of the Reformation, when the modern literature of Germany begins. But besides this historical introduction, the subject to be treated of requires also an elucidation of the character of the various branches of literature, their relation to science and art, and to each other mutually; and this inquiry, which is more of a philosophical kind, occupies another portion of the volume before us. "Science and art," says Dr. Mühlenfels, "are forms by which the human mind represents the nature of its divine origin. The former is called into life through the activity of intellect, the latter through feeling and fancy." Science, according to its nature, belongs to mankind generally; while the productions of art partake of the peculiar character of nations and individuals. Dr. Mühlenfels excludes from the plan of his Lectures the history of all those branches of German literature which have any reference to science, and directs his attention more exclusively to the department of history, speculative philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry, which stand in the nearest relation to the arts.

We regret that the limits prescribed to this notice must prevent us from entering more deeply into the views here developed by Dr. Mühlenfels. We think that these Lectures are highly creditable to his zeal and talent as a literary inquirer, and as a professor in the new institution to which he belongs; and we would particularly recommend a perusal of them to those who attend the public Lectures on German poetry which Dr. Mühlenfels has just commenced at Willis's Rooms.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 11.

Aurea Mediocritas! by your leave a moment, and let me take up the cudgels in defence of arrant nonsense. Mediocrity I take to be one of the most sneaking, beggarly, wishy-washy characteristics that can mark the decadence of an age. Whereas, thorough-faced absurdity is sometimes amusing, and, besides, in this age of mind, will soon become rather rare; two reasons which, in my idea, entitle it to a decided preference. The march of intellect will shortly render downright stupidity a distinction. "It offends me to the soul" to hear an encomium on a passable production of any

description. If I cannot meet with unmixed excellence, give me something so ineffably ridiculous, that the *bêtise* is apparent on the surface. I hate your mediums, through whose tame, spiritless dulness the mind is obliged to dive in order to get at the absurdity, which, in the case under consideration, is the cream of the jest. There is a species of nonsense so sublimely nonsensical, that only to think on it does the heart good. This divine nonsense, in praise of which I would fain raise my voice, is now becoming much more uncommon than many worthy people are apt to imagine.

Apropos of what is this exordium? Of the first and second representations of *Bibiana*, at the German Opera: neither more nor less. I feel myself in the humour to build an argument on a needle's point. The poem of this opera fulfils all the conditions necessary to constitute the most glorious absurdity, and precisely for that reason appears to me deserving of particular mention. But that it concludes with a marriage, *comme à l'ordinaire*, I should be tempted to call it a most exhilarating tragedy. Bibiana, a fair maiden, such as could be found only in Bohemia, where, it seems, wonders are thickly sown,—Bibiana loves Ottomar, son of one Henry de Hornbourg. Ottomar loves Bibiana, for the old reason of love for love. Henry de Hornbourg, a placid elderly gentleman, loves every body; and Kust, a gentleman robber, and decidedly the *bel esprit* of the piece, loves nobody at all. Henry de Hornbourg is not only a universal philanthropist, but a first-rate hand at draughts; and, to indulge in his innocent recreation, always carries a draught-board about his person, as a lover carries the miniature of his mistress, or a *chevalier d'industrie* a pair of cogged dice. On a certain excursion, the old gentleman discovers that he has forgotten his draught-board in the chapel of Culm, where, *en passant*, he had stepped in to say a *pater-noster*. Spite of a vehement paternal remonstrance, and notwithstanding that the sacred edifice has the reputation of being a den of thieves as well as a house of prayer, the bold Ottomar instantly proposes to return in quest of the precious movable. Bibiana, however, succeeds in dissuading him from his fell design, though, as to the why or wherefore, the poet has not insulted the capacity of his audience by the slightest hint. We have then an amorous duet—an invocation, I believe, to the lamp of night; and Bibiana sets off, at a round pace, for the redoubtable chapel, where Kust holds a species of house of commons, the members of which are distinguished by the usual political shades—ministerial, opposition, and radical. Kust, be it known, is rather a facetious personage—an animal compound of the monkey and the tiger; in short, something like the *Fra-Diavolo* at Feydeau; and frequently goes abroad into what is called the world, disguised in a clean shirt. When the road proves but indifferent, his favourite mode of raising the wind is to entice some maid of high degree to the chapel, on pretence of honourable intentions, and then and there barbarously to throttle her, in order to obtain possession of her “jewels, cash, and keys.” At the moment of Bibiana's appearance in the chapel, the monster, who has no bowels of compassion, drags a fair and noble *châtelaine* to the front of the stage (exactly opposite to the prompter's snug retreat), mercilessly rifles her of her trinkets, and, with exquisite breeding, conducts her to the side scenes, to spare the audience the horror of witnessing bloodshed, and so becoming *particeps criminis*. Bibiana decamps with the draught-board, and, into the

bargain, the victim's jewels. Kust, in a twinkling, whistles his band together, and commences a pursuit, but in vain; because, it seems, that in Bohemia Providence always protects innocence—except in a few occasional instances not worth mentioning. And, after all this, the old gentleman, Henry de Hornbourg, gives a ball, at which, like a gallant troubadour as he is, Kust, of course, makes his appearance, in the character, as I before hinted, of a gentleman. As usual, the gay deceiver endeavours to inveigle Bibiana, who agrees to meet him in the chapel. And then the valiant Ottomar, at the head of his father's vassals, rushes, sword in hand, upon the bandits;—a thing which, to be sure, he might have done long before; but in that case the catastrophe of the opera would have come in at the wrong end. And then the opera concludes with a blowing up, and a wedding, and

“Songs, and quavers, roaring, humming, Guitars,” &c.

Such is the history of this opera, which, independent of its really attractive music, is curious on account of the sheer absurdity of the *libretto*. The musician, whatever be his talent, cannot obtain a complete triumph over the nullity of an opera-poem destitute of all dramatic interest. It is therefore no mean tribute of praise to M. Pixis to affirm, that he has contrived to render even the opera of *Bibiana* interesting, solely by the merit of his music. The overture is brilliant, and the choruses, especially those of the robbers, merit an unrestricted encomium. A comic duet in the third act excited much applause.

The operatic ballet of *Manon Lescaut* may be expected to go through a successful run of at least thirty or forty representations, at the Académie Royale de Musique. The principal, though rather equivocal, merit of this composition, is the fidelity with which it portrays the dissolute manners of the court of Louis XV. A crowd of minor accessories contribute to the piquancy of the exhibition. Marquesses and fashionables of the olden time, arrayed in magnificent costumes—originals, well furnished with smelling-bottles, snuff-boxes, tortoiseshell cases, and the other gimcrackery of their day, add a degree of truth and local colouring to the scene. Messrs. Scribe and Aubert have completed a new opera, which will be immediately put in rehearsal at this theatre.

At the theatre of the Opéra Comique, *L'Auberge d'Auray*, a one-act lyric drama, will be represented, for the first time this evening, for Miss Smithson's *début*.

A letter from Germany states that Paganini will shortly quit that country for Holland, where he will remain till the end of the year. In the month of December he is expected in Paris, whence he will proceed to London in April.

I give you the latest gossip on the subject of Sontag. About two years ago, a shoe-maker in Berlin exhibited, in large letters, on the door of his shop, the following ensignation:—“Boot and shoemaker to Mademoiselle Henrietta Sontag.” A baker in the same capital has lately renewed the joke, by displaying an equally curious show-board over his shop-front: “Fancy bread-baker to Mademoiselle Sontag.” The fair siren, indignant at this reiterated pleasantry, intends, it is said, to remonstrate through the medium of the public press.*

* Apropos of this lady: we have received a letter, and the Berlin Gazette of April 22d, which contains a critique on her appearance as *Donna Anna* in *Don Juan*. From this it appears, that instead of being hided, as described in the Paris correspondence, her performance was crowned with the highest approbation. In justice, we cannot re-

Fido and Bianco, the two learned dogs now being exhibited in Paris, have been honoured with a mark of distinction which Messrs. Bournmont, Victor Hugo, Dumas, and other personages of note, share in common with the illustrious quadrupeds. An ingenious artist has executed a lithographic print, in which the animals are represented playing their favourite game of *carté*. Fido, who is out of luck, apparently bears the injustice of fortune with most impatient spirit. Bianco's broad grin exemplifies the truth of the old proverb, “they laugh that win.”

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

SINCE our last notice, two meetings have been held. At the first, Lord Stanley presided; and a paper by Richard Chambers, Esq., was read: the communication was on luminous insects; and tended to shew that the *ignis fatuus*, and other similar appearances, are to be referred to insects, and not to vapour. At the last meeting, which was held on Tuesday week, A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair, a paper on the Aeronautic Spider, by John Blackwall, Esq., was read: this paper is an addition to one by the same author already published in the 16th vol. of the Society's *Transactions*. The writer considers as fully established, that the ascent of these spiders is to be attributed to ascending currents of rarefied air.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EARL STANHOPE in the chair. The reading of a paper which had been commenced at a previous meeting was concluded. It is entitled, “Collections towards an essay on the medicinal properties of the plants composing the natural order *Gentiana*,” by J. P. Yoss, Esq., communicated in a letter to the President. The author, describing the characters of the order, passes on in review the different genera (twenty-seven in number) of which it is composed, enumerating under each the species which deserve the attention of the medical botanist. The following are his conclusions:—That of the 400 species, and upwards, which compose this order, more than one-tenth are or have been, in different countries, esteemed and employed as bitters in the cure or alleviation of diseases, or considered capable of being so employed. The author announces that he purposed to devote especial attention to this order in the course of his trans-Atlantic voyage.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. A paper was read, entitled “An Essay on the preserved bodies of aboriginal Peruvian Indians,” by W. T. Carter, M.D., surgeon R. N., communicated by Dr. Granville, F.R.S.; of which we shall present an epitome in a subsequent Number.

The following is an abstract of a paper lately read. The communication is entitled, “On the elasticity of threads of glass, with some of the most useful applications of this property to various kinds of Torsion Balances,” by William Ritchie, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

The author proposes the employment of threads of glass in the construction of torsion balances, in place of the silver wire used by Coulomb for the measurement of minute electric or magnetic forces. He describes a galvanometer of his invention acting upon this

fuse to quote this critical opinion against our own information.—*Ed. L. G.*

principle, the intensity of the galvanic current being measured by the torsion of a slender filament of glass, to the lower end of which a magnetised needle is fixed at right angles. He also applies the same power to the improvement of the sensibility of the common balance for weighing minute bodies, by affixing to the beam a long glass thread horizontally in the axis of suspension, by the torsion of which, when the balance has been brought nearly to a level, the more accurate adjustments are to be effected. On the whole, he considers that glass, from its perfect elasticity, possesses decided advantages over metallic wires for the construction of instruments acting on the principle of torsion.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 6.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper was read respecting a spur discovered in Dorsetshire; and the reading of Rich's account of Ireland was continued.

On Thursday, Hudson Gurney, Esq. in the chair. A communication was read respecting some Roman coins and other antiquities, including a fragment of fine red pottery, found near Newcastle. The reading of Rich's account of Ireland was again resumed, in which it was stated that the Irish rebels were much favoured and supported by the disaffected English, and that there had been an understanding between the governor of Ireland and Tyrone, through which the latter continued his criminal proceedings with impunity, while the governor and his family were freed from the plundering attacks of the rebels;—that, in fact, Tyrone was supplied at the expense of the government; for many who pretended to be friends of the government, obtained stores and ammunition on pretence of guarding their houses against the attacks of the rebels, and then privately conveyed them to Tyrone.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[A fortnight ago we gave a brief outline of the proceedings at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, and have now the pleasure to lay before our readers the Address delivered upon that occasion by the learned and venerable President, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship having condescendingly gratified us with the MS. from which he read this speech, we have it in our power to vouch for the accuracy of a document, not only interesting to the members of the Society, but to the whole literary world, and especially to Biblical scholars and those who desire to be informed respecting the early planting and preaching of the Christian faith in these islands.]

THE Society, which his Majesty, in the first year of his reign, proposed to be instituted for the advancement of general literature, has now reached the tenth year of its institution, the eighth of its confirmation by the royal sign manual, and the sixth of its establishment by charter. The means of advancing literature proposed by the Society, and sanctioned by his Majesty, are described in the charter to be, by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers—by the promotion of discoveries in literature—by endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity, of the English language—by the critical improvement of English lexicography—by the reading, at public meetings, of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts—by the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved by the Council of the Society—and by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary

merit, and to important discoveries in literature.

The execution of these several means of advancing literature (as far as the resources of the Society rendered practicable) has been fulfilled in a way which we trust has not been unworthy of his Majesty's most munificent patronage;—1. by the publication of several successive fasciculi of hieroglyphics; 2. by the disposal of his Majesty's medals in reward of the eminent talents and valuable works of Mitford and Mai, of Rennell and Wilkins, of Stewart and Schweighauser, of Cox and Crabbe, and of Roscoe and De Sacy; 3. by the election of Royal Associates, distinguished by valuable works in various branches of literature; 4. by the publication of the Society's Transactions; 5. by the recital, at the ordinary meetings, of interesting memoirs on history, geography, chronology, antiquities, philology, numismatic and hieroglyphic literature.

The council of the Society continue to receive valuable communications on these several subjects, as will appear from the secretary's report of the recitals at the ordinary meetings which have been held since the last anniversary.

One of the earliest objects of the Society was the hope of contributing to the critical improvement of our lexicography. That will never be perfected till the public are in possession of more ample materials for investigating the formation and progress of our language than we have at present. I cannot therefore omit this opportunity of recommending to the notice and encouragement of the Society the very interesting proposals which have been lately offered to the public (copies of which are lying on the table) for editing by subscription the *Wycliffite Versions of the Old Testament*; of which the editors observe, that the language of our forefathers may be said to exist entire in the Wycliffite versions, and that from them may be drawn copious and satisfactory illustrations of its formation and progress. Its great importance in a religious view, in which the public have a general interest, I need not here enlarge on. In a literary view it will be a sufficient recommendation of the undertaking to the Society, that it will essentially promote two chartered objects of its institution,—the publication of inedited remains of our ancient literature, and the critical improvement of our lexicography.

The learned librarian of the Vatican, who received one of his Majesty's medals of the first year, continues to deserve well of the republic of letters by the additions which his indefatigable researches are making to the general stock of classical and ecclesiastical literature. In our own country, Mr. Lemon will soon deliver to the public, under the sanction of the commissioners for the publication of state papers, (from those stores of his Majesty's State Paper Office, which he has brought from a condition of chaos to the most luminous and perfect arrangement)—the long-expected, important, and interesting documents of the reign of Henry VIII.

The British Museum, like all our public libraries, abounds in inedited materials of ancient literature, sufficient to satisfy the curiosity and to gratify with success the most ardent and indefatigable philologist. I particularise the British Museum, because I have been informed by one of its learned librarians, that among the oriental MSS. of Mr. Roch has been lately discovered a Syriac translation of a Greek work, the very existence of which had been more than doubted.

A history of inedited literature, which should bring under one view the notices of unpublished works of antiquity which are scattered through the catalogues of public libraries, and the writings of Cave and Fabricius, is a desideratum which, to a great extent, might be accomplished without much difficulty. But, as most public libraries are imperfectly catalogued, many tracts being often included in a volume under one title, the production and discrimination of these hidden treasures requires the knowledge and perseverance of Langfais, Maillon, or Montfaucon; and for the detection and development of re-script MSS. is requisite the dexterity of Knittel, Barret, or Mai.

I cannot refrain from repeating a hope, shall I call it? or a wish, that hereafter the funds of our Society may be sufficient to employ some future Leland for the single purpose of forming such collectanea from our public libraries.

A history of lost, or apparently lost, literature, is also a desideratum in the annals of general learning, which, while it may excite regret for the loss of many valuable works, must impress us with gratitude, by comparison with what we do possess, and with wonder that so very few of the pre-eminently best have been lost, which will be evident from what we know were held to be the best in the days of Aristotle, Dionysius, and Quintilian.

The importance of a chronological view of the lost literature of the first four or five centuries may be exemplified in its relation to an important event, which, before I conclude this address, I hope to prove a great historical fact, expressly asserted by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, but denied by some modern writers, on the presumption that the testimony of writers of the sixth and seventh centuries is of no more weight than the opinion of writers of the nineteenth.

In the second century alone, Fabricius enumerates between thirty and forty writers whose works are entirely lost, or known only by their fragments, besides many treatises of Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Melito, and Hippolytus, which are lost.

Of the third century, Fabricius notices very numerous lost works of Origen, Methodius, and Dionysius Alexandrinus, besides enumerating nineteen once celebrated names, whose works are altogether, or for the most part, lost.

Of the fourth century there are several works of Eusebius remaining in the libraries inedited, and so far at present lost to the public; and there were many considerable works of this father of ecclesiastical history, of which all are totally perished but their names; besides several other ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and later centuries, which are lost.

The view which I have thus taken of the lost literature of the first four centuries may induce us to repress our scepticism and distrust as to events of the first century which are asserted by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, who possessed many sources of information which we do not. The importance which I attach to such a view of the lost literature of the primitive church may be exemplified in its relation to the first introduction of Christianity to the British Islands, which is expressly ascribed to the great apostle of the Gentiles by writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, and circumstantially confirmed by writers of the first, fourth, and fifth centuries. For instance, the founder of ecclesiastical history says, in the fourth century, that the Gospel was preached in the British islands by some of the apostles. Eusebius derived the materials of his historical knowledge from records

deposited in the library of Jerusalem, provided by the munificence of Constantine, and by Alexander, one of its bishops; a great part of which has long since perished, or lies concealed in libraries, awaiting the successful researches of some indefatigable Mai. In ascertaining, therefore, the credibility of events ascribed to the first century by writers of the fourth, fifth, sixth centuries, or of later periods, even where no contemporary testimony is extant, we must not forget that they may have possessed authorities once known to have been extant, but now lost or not known to us. When, therefore, we apply this criterion to the testimony of a Latin writer of the sixth century, and to a Greek of the seventh, and another of the fourteenth, who assert that St. Paul preached the Gospel in the British Islands, we might not unreasonably allow them the credit of having had adequate and express authority for their assertion, even if no such authority were now extant; for they assert no more than is almost necessarily involved in the general testimony of Eusebius. For if the Gospel was preached, as he affirms, in the British Islands by some of the apostles, the apostle of the Gentiles, who was personally commissioned to carry salvation to the ends of the earth, we might venture to conclude must have been one of them. But we are not confined to the probability of this almost unavoidable inference; for when two very learned writers of the fourth and fifth centuries, Jerome and Theodoret, affirm of St. Paul, that after his release from his first imprisonment at Rome, he preached the Gospel in the west, and went to Italy, and Spain, and other nations, even from ocean to ocean, and carried salvation to islands in the ocean,—we cannot doubt that so circumstantial an account of St. Paul's travels by such writers as Jerome and Theodoret, was founded on authentic documents, knowing, as we do, that many historical authorities were extant in their times, which are now lost. Irenæus, who was born before the death of St. John, says the apostle went to the ends of the earth—*ἰὸς πέραν τῆς γῆς*, an expression which the ancients usually applied to the west, as we see by Hesychius's interpretation of Homer's *πέραν γῆς* by *τὴν δύσιν*. Irenæus, in his expression *ἰὸς πέραν τῆς γῆς*, evidently alluded to the commission which St. Paul received to carry salvation to the ends of the earth, *ἰὸς ἄκρας τῆς γῆς*.

So far nothing seems to be wanting to a full historical proof that St. Paul preached the Gospel in Britain, but the authority of a contemporary witness; and that authority we have in the testimony of Clemens Romanus, who was the fellow-traveller of St. Paul, and had therefore the best possible means of knowing the truth of what he asserted. Clemens, then, says, in his first and genuine epistle to the Corinthians, that St. Paul was a preacher of the word, *κηρύξας σου λόγον*, in the east and in the west, and that he went to the end of the west, *εἰς τὸ πέρας τῆς δύσεως*. Such being the direct testimony of Clemens, we have only to ascertain what is meant by the expression *τὸ πέρας*, and what country in the time of Clemens was called the end of the west. One of the highest Greek grammatical authorities, Hesychius, interprets *πέρας* by *τελος* and *ἄκρον*, the end, the extremity of any thing. We cannot therefore be mistaken in translating *τὸ πέρας τῆς δύσεως*, the end, the extremity of the west; nor in applying the expression to Britain, if we recollect that Britain is called by Catullus *ultima occidentis insula*; and its inhabitants, by Horace, *ultimos orbis Britannos*. At a later period,

Theodoret places Britain *ἰν ἄκραις τῆς ἡμετέρας*, and the most remote from Rome of the three western provinces, Spain, Gaul, and Britain.

Whether, therefore, we regard the literal testimony of writers of the sixth and seventh centuries, or the circumstantial evidence of the course and direction of St. Paul's travels after his liberation from his first imprisonment at Rome, or the personal testimony of St. Paul's fellow-traveller to the extent of the apostle's travels in the west, we appear to have every thing necessary to constitute an historical proof that St. Paul preached the Gospel in the British Islands.

It may not be uninteresting to add, that we possess in the British Museum the original MS. from which this most valuable monument of Christian antiquity, on which I have been laying so much stress, was first printed; that it is, probably, a MS. of the fourth century, being a part of the MS. volume which contains the celebrated Codex Alexandrinus;—MSS. which carry with them this additional interest, that they reduce the inquiry into the truth of Christianity to the narrow compass of four centuries, making us, as it were, contemporaries of Eusebius, and Jerome, and Augustine, in an age not more distant from the first days of Christianity than the reign of Henry VII. from the present time.

But, to return from this digression, let us submit this historical fact, as I now presume to call St. Paul's preaching in Britain, to what is sometimes found to be a more rigorous criterion than any external evidence; I mean the internal probability and practicability of the fact—its consistency or inconsistency with the character and the commission of the apostle, and with the public circumstances of the Roman emperor in the apostolic age. The historian of the Acts of the Apostles informs us, in the words of St. Paul, that it was his special commission to carry salvation to the ends of the earth; and the purpose of his final commission, when in the west, at Rome, at the close of his first imprisonment, was, "that the Gospel might be fully preached by him, and that all the Gentiles might hear." When he was charged with this final commission, he had preached the Gospel very extensively in the east, and had finally taken his leave of those parts. There was nothing in the extent of a journey from Rome to the end of the west to deter even an ordinary traveller, and still less could it present any impediment to him who laboured more abundantly than the rest of the apostles; and the state of the Roman empire was singularly favourable to the propagation of the Gospel to the end of the west: for at that time, says Gibbon, "the public highways, which had been constructed for the use of the legions, opened an easy passage for the Christian missionaries from Damascus to Corinth, and from Italy to the extremity of Spain or Britain."

For trespassing so long on your patience in detailing what appears to me satisfactory evidence of an event most interesting to us as Christians, as Englishmen, as Protestants, personally identified with the ministry of St. Paul by writers of the first, the sixth, and seventh centuries, and circumstantially confirmed by grave and learned historians of the fourth and fifth century—I trust that I need make no apology, especially as it may be the last time that I may have the honour of addressing you at an anniversary meeting from this chair.

I must not, however, close this address without noticing the much lamented loss which the

Society has sustained, since the anniversary the year before last, by the death of two of its most distinguished members—one an actual, the other an honorary, member—the Archdeacon of Stafford and Dr. Young, who were truly literary characters; the former eminent for his learning, piety, taste, general knowledge, and suavity of manners; the other, for great original talents, which rendered him a "maker," an inventor, a discoverer—talents which would have done credit to any reward or all the rewards which the Society could have conferred upon him, had he lived to partake of them; the former having been, by his presence and counsel at our constituent meetings, very instrumental in the formation of the Society; the latter, by his peculiar skill in the development of the hieroglyphic characters, enabling the Society to give effect to the first of its chartered objects—the publication of *inedited remains of ancient literature*.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The great interest which must attach to M. Champollion's labours leads me to think that the following slight sketch of the results of his late expedition to Egypt may not be altogether unacceptable. At a meeting of the *Société du Bulletin Universel*, which took place on Tuesday the 20th, under the presidency of the Duc de Dondeauville, M. Champollion, who is one of its members, gave an account of his discoveries, and displayed some hundreds of drawings made under his inspection. These, however, form but a small part of his collection. He spoke in the highest terms of the zeal of the artists who accompanied him; and the beautiful execution of the drawings sufficiently testified their ability. M. Champollion considers that the subject of Egyptian architecture has been completely exhausted by the draughtsmen and savans under Denon; he has therefore confined himself to the examination of the bas-reliefs and paintings with which the exterior of the Egyptian buildings, and the interior of the tombs, are so richly decorated. These are all situated below the second cataract; beyond it the structures are uninteresting. He dwelt on the fact, that the tombs were ornamented with figures, explanatory of the calling or actions of their inmates. Thus, on that of the veterinary surgeon is exhibited a sick ox shewing his tongue, while medicine is administered to another. The king's butler caused all the vessels of gold, silver, and enamel, which were once in his custody, to be sculptured on his tomb. Nothing can exceed the beauty of shape, and richness of ornament, shewn in the vases and paterae. Many are drawn with bunches of flowers, to shew the purpose for which they were used. These of course rather injure the effect; but so perfect is the taste both of the form and the ornaments, that they might be thought to belong to the best times of Grecian art. The machine for raising water, the process of purifying it with bitter almonds, angling with rod and line, are represented exactly as they are practised in Egypt to this very day.

Next came a marvellous variety of animals and birds, painted with amazing exactness. The camelopard, different sorts of antelopes, a deer, elephants, hippopotami, a nondescript resembling the kangaroo, various sorts of geese, and the famous ibis. M. Champollion hopes, by the production of this drawing, to settle the long-disputed question concerning this bird. It appeared to me to be of the stork tribe, of moderate size, with pencilled plumage, brown and white.

But by far the most interesting part of his exposition was the description of the tombs of the kings and queens which he has explored. He possesses the portraits and accompanying hieroglyphical accounts of the actions of the Egyptian monarchs of many dynasties. Some of these kings M. Champollion recognises in the faces of the sphinxes and colossal statues made under their reign. Thus the Ethiopian Sabacon preserves his proper features, although he is clad in the Egyptian royal robes. The son of Alexander, who was recognised as king of Egypt, and Cesarion, son of Caesar and Cleopatra, are drawn as youths. The Ptolemies shew decidedly the Greek physiognomy, and may be verified by their medals. But the Roman emperors resemble monarchs on a signpost, utterly destitute of likeness to their originals; for the very good reason, that the artists never saw them. By the discovery of the female tombs, M. Champollion has been enabled to explain the Greek notion of the Ethiopian Memnon. The portrait of this prince bears the negro features strongly marked. M. Champollion has found the portrait of a negress queen, and by the accompanying explanatory hieroglyphics, it appears that she actually was the mother of this Ethiopian Memnon. Singular to say, on the tomb of Sheshah he found the names of the fenced cities which he took from Judah before he reached Jerusalem. The sepulchres of the mighty conquerors exhibit bas-reliefs of hundreds of yards in extent, explanatory of their victories. The different people whom they conquered are drawn with their characteristic features and national dress: Jews, Arabs, Indians, and Negroes. Twice occur paintings of the Ionian Greeks, quite agreeing with the *ἱωνεὺς ἱωνεῖς*, their long tunics, ornamented with the peculiar border so common on the ancient Athenian urns; and their names above, in hieroglyphics. The conferences of Sesostris with the Scythians before the battle; the battle itself; the sithed chariots of both armies, those of the Egyptians in good order, and beautifully formed—the Scythian in disarray and of ruder workmanship; the same monarch meeting his fleet on the banks of the Indian Ocean; and a variety of other remarkable subjects,—are set forth with a vigour of design, and precision of detail, such as we have hitherto thought the Greeks to have exclusively possessed. These Scythians, by the by, are true Tartars.

Next came a perfect Egyptian arsenal; bows, arrows, spears, swords, and sithes; ships of all descriptions, some like royal barges, blazoned with gold: the gathering of the corn, the flax, and papyrus, the vintage, and the sowing, were all displayed in detail.

The *scance* was very interesting in other particulars; but the foregoing, in addition to your letters, will shew the extent of M. Champollion's own pretensions.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

No. 181. *Palestrina; Composition*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Here we have Mr. Turner on a very much better ground than in No. 7, (noticed in our last) *Pilate washing his Hands*;* although still not on his right one. In such performances as this, he may exhibit the richness and even the riot of his imagination with impu-

nity, or rather with applause. There is enough of nature to shew that attention to her has formed the basis of a structure full of poetical feeling, but exceedingly artificial withal. It is so long since Mr. Turner has wandered from the domains of fact into the regions of fancy, and our eye has now been so long used to the peculiarities of his adopted style, that when we are called upon to gaze on such splendid and dazzling works as the present, we are not surprised to find ourselves in a fairy-land, in which the objects themselves, and the hues with which they are invested, are entirely different from the realities to which we are accustomed in this sober and every-day world.

No. 40. *Psyche*. Sir W. Beechey, R.A.—Lovely and joyous, this lightly-tripping fairy form has sprung from the veteran artist's pencil, as if it were the creation of the most youthful fancy. Neither in colouring nor in execution is it at all inferior to the productions of Sir William's early days.

No. 53. *The Fall of Phaëton*. J. Ward, R.A.—In his treatment of this subject, Mr. Ward has displayed his usual knowledge of animal anatomy; and has thrown his horses into situations that call forth all his powers in their representation. The impression produced on the spectator is, nevertheless, an exceedingly painful one. Who can avoid shuddering when he contemplates the tremendous fate which evidently awaits the unfortunate charioteer and his steeds?

No. 72. *Morning; an Italian Composition*. A. W. Calcott, R.A.—If the last-mentioned picture has created any agitation in the mind, the present is better calculated than any work of art which we have for a long time seen, to soothe and calm it. Great as was our admiration of the talents displayed by Mr. Calcott in the exhibition of last year, we must say that we think he has in this beautiful production surpassed his former surpassings. The sweetness and tranquillity of the general character of the composition, the clearness and purity of the atmospheric and other tones, and the delightful execution, so completely in accordance with the fine conception of the work, entitle it to rank with the best landscapes of the greatest Italian artists that ever lived.

No. 80. *May Morning*. H. Howard, R.A.—This beautiful group of aerial and floating forms would, we think, have appeared to more advantage, and would have retained more of its visionary character, had the substantial human beings who are addressing it been omitted.

No. 115. *A Dog of two Minds*. W. Mulready, R.A.—The meaning of this picture is not easily to be discovered; and when discovered is far from pleasing. In point of execution, it is an admirable specimen of Mr. Mulready's talents.

No. 144. *Shylock and Jessica*. G. S. Newton, A.—A charming little work. The keen and suspicious glance of the Jew, and the demure composure of his daughter, are very amusingly contrasted. The whole is richly, but harmoniously coloured.

No. 163. *The Bower of Diana*. T. Stothard, R.A.—Although recently executed, as beautiful and imaginative a composition as this veteran and highly-gifted artist ever produced.

No. 192. *Scene from the Red Rover*. W. Daniell, R.A.—A print from this admirable performance has already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*; but the qualities of art which the picture exhibits are still more deserving of

encomium. The quiet and solemn light of the moon, as contrasted with the dreadful catastrophe, is highly poetical and awful; as for the possible seamanship of the piece, we are incompetent judges, never having been out in such a storm. As landsmen, we should surmise that few sailors ever were; and if they had, they must have let go the painter; so that we must, after all, have had a picture of imagination rather than of reality.

No. 197. *The Orphans*. J. Wood.—Although there is perhaps too much display of tattered costume, this is a work which does great credit to Mr. Wood. He has perfectly succeeded in the representation of silent but expressive grief.

No. 19. *Dell Scene, in the Park of the Right Hon. the Countess of Dysart, at Hattingham, Suffolk*. J. Constable, R.A.—As powerful, fresh, and sparkling as Nature herself; and free from any unpleasant predominance of Mr. Constable's peculiar mode of handling.

No. 81. *A Maltese Ass and Mule Foal, with her former Ass Foal in the Background*. J. Ward, R.A.—Frequently and highly as we have admired Mr. Ward's talents in animal painting, we do not remember ever having met with a more exquisite specimen of them than this characteristic and masterly little picture.

No. 135. *Venus rising from her Couch*. J. Ward, R.A.—Badly drawn, badly coloured, and, what is much worse, indelicate. Why are the modest and lovely young females who daily grace the rooms of Somerset House with their presence, to have their feelings outraged, and blushes called into their cheeks, by a work like this,—placed too in a situation in which it cannot possibly escape near notice? We are sorry to add, that it is not Mr. Ward's only offence in the present Exhibition, and that he is not the only offender.

(To be continued.)

WATER-COLOURS' EXHIBITION.

[Third notice: Conclusion.]

No. 323. *The Captain's Story*. G. Cattermole.—A story told in real life with the spirit which this performance exhibits, could not fail to excite great attention. Whether the artist means to illustrate a tale already told, or to throw out a hint on which to found a new one, we know not; but his drawing is well calculated to call up images of marvels and adventures, such as the Red Rover himself might describe; or such as Mr. W. Daniell's has painted from his description.

No. 340. *The Recess*. J. F. Lewis.—A brilliant assemblage of costly objects, splendidly, yet harmoniously, coloured.

No. 353. *Rembrandt and his Models*. J. Stephanoff.—In this beautiful and highly-finished production we recognise to the fullest extent one of those striking examples of depth of tone and colour, which, as we have already observed, give to this Society the right to call themselves "Painters." As a work of art, no better subject could have been selected for displaying the rich variety of Mr. Stephanoff's pencil. At the same time it must have presented difficulties not easily to be overcome. The figure of Rembrandt appears like that of an enchanter, with his magic wand, ready to marshal and call into form the splendid but chaotic mass of materials by which he is surrounded. This performance ought scarcely to lose any of its value in the eyes of the artist or of the amateur, because it may not be regulated by the strictest rules of composition; for, tried by that test, what would become of Zoffany's justly celebrated picture of the Florence Gal-

* A wag, who looked long at this composition without being able to make head or tail of it, (as was the case with most spectators), retired, saying, he fancied "a pilot washing his hands" was a fine marine subject.

lery, and many other works of a similar character?—While contemplating a picture of such power and richness, we cannot help adverting to the invaluable assistance which water-colour painters have derived from the recent improvements made in the pigments used by them; improvements which not only impart brilliance to their colouring, but ensure its durability. To the persevering and successful experiments of Mr. George Field, and other men of science, it is owing, that the beauties of the water-colour paintings of the present day are not like those of the flowers of the garden,—the pride of the season, but which speedily fade and perish.

No. 32. *View near Skiddaw, Cumberland.* H. Gastineau.—Just the spot which a poet or a painter would select for the illustration of the romantic and picturesque. Harmoniously and beautifully executed.

No. 31. *Loch Coruisk, Isle of Sky.* G. F. Robson.—We have seen many twilight effects from Mr. Robson's pencil, but none to which the word "intensity" has been so applicable.

No. 35. *Church of Notre Dame, Dresden.* S. Prout.—One of Mr. Prout's most successful productions. Not only are the forms admirably delineated, but an atmosphere is introduced, which great practice and skill alone could have represented with such fidelity.

No. 51. *Distant View of Rye, with Cattle going to Water.* T. Fielding.—A fine Cuypp-like effect.

No. 72. *Landscape, with a Timber-waggon.* S. Austin.—"Landscape" is rather too diffuse a term to apply to close scenery like this, which has the character of a composition, well studied in all its parts from nature, and admirably put together.

No. 104. *Cottage, Caernarvon.* G. Pyne.—Great talent is here displayed in colouring and execution. A little more space in the scene would have more advantageously set off the principal object.

No. 338. *London Bridge, 1730.* G. Pyne.—Reminiscences like this, so treated, are equally gratifying to the antiquary and the amateur. These are productions of infinite promise from a young artist;—of a good stock, however.

We cannot conclude our notice of this truly interesting Exhibition without observing, that the taste evinced by Miss Byrne and Miss Scott in their beautiful representations of fruit and flowers, greatly contributes to the production of that variety which is so essential to every collection of works of art.

SIGNOR CAMPANILE'S PICTURES.

WE have had much gratification in viewing two pictures by Signor Campanile, a Roman historical and portrait painter of distinguished talents, now in London. The one represents the Adoration of the Holy Sacrament in the Paulina Chapel in Rome, on Maundy Thursday; the other the Sermon preached on the Piazza Colonna in Rome, during the Jubilee of 1825. The former, especially, is a magnificent work, and gives an excellent idea of one of the most splendid and imposing ceremonies of the Romish church, performing under circumstances which materially add to its interest and effect: the latter, besides being very sweetly executed, is curious, as exhibiting the various costumes of the environs of Rome. It appears that these two fine performances are to be disposed of by chance, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers have set down their names for that purpose.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. IV.

The First and Last Prayer.

"PRAY for me, mother! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the cankering touch of care;
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live ere long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle ladye-love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the
dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth-stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glistening eye,
Prayed for all blessings fervently;
And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead smooth and fair,
And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride.

"Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in heaven:
Pray for it, mother!—nay, do not weep!
Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep;
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain!
His ladye-love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim:
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in her fond de-
spair, [prayer!
And his soul passed away with that last wild
Worton Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BROWNE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PUBLIC DINNERS.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The Anniversary on Saturday was very numerous attended: above two hundred sat down to dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Rosslyn in the chair; the Duke of Wellington being prevented by his official duties. The day passed off with much social enjoyment, and an ample subscription rewarded the exertions of the president and stewards. We rejoiced to learn, from the secretary's report, that the Fund is rapidly augmenting; and it appeared to us that the relief required was uncommonly small—the annual expenditure in that way being little more than 100*l*.

The Literary Fund.—On Wednesday the friends of this admirable charity met at the same place; his Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, in the chair, supported by Lord Milton, the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Cam Hobhouse, Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Mr. Sotheby, Captain Marryat, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Croly, Mr. Cunningham, and other distinguished individuals. The company, above 150 in number, were addressed by the chairman, Lord Milton, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Sotheby, Mr. Knight, and Messrs. Croly and Burn (as registrars), who severally advocated the cause of the Institution, and went through the forms usual on such occasions. Above 500*l*. was announced as the amount of the subscription; and it augured well of the Society to observe among its supporters the principal publishers of the metropolis,—Mr. Longman, with others of the partners of that extensive house; Mr. Murray; Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; Mr.

Rivington, Mr. Whittaker, &c. &c. There were also many persons of literary name present; and the meeting broke up after enjoying a very gratifying evening, with a pledge from the majority to repeat the pleasure at Greenwich on the 23d of June.

MUSIC.

WE neglected last Saturday to notice Mrs. Anderson's concert, at which that lady's exquisite performance on the pianoforte (especially a concerto in A minor, and a grand duet by Hummel,) gained her immense applause, justly merited by her pre-eminent talents and excellent character. The whole entertainment was delightful. Hummel (who, they say, is as eager for profit as praise,) distinguished his school to great advantage. A M. Ponchard made his first appearance with no striking effect; and the sweet voice of Madame Stockhausen happily relieved the graver performances, though Malibran, Lalande, and De Begnis, shared in the harmony of the day.

On Wednesday, Mr. Cipriani Potter's concert at the King's Theatre also presented a delicious treat to amateurs. At Mr. F. Cramer's, on the preceding week, we have to notice the very successful *début* of a native artist, young Parry, the son of our favourite Welsh composer and flageoletist. He sang in a good English style, and was much applauded.

DRAMA.

AT the King's Theatre, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, for Donzelli's benefit, on Thursday, introduced Lablache to an English audience. The opera was excellently cast, and went off with great *éclat*. The *débutant* is an admirable comic actor, as well as capital singer; and being well sustained by Malibran, Donzelli, Lalande, Santini, and others, the evening was justly the most brilliant of the season.

At the other theatres, benefits have produced some miscellaneous novelties, but nothing requiring criticism. Miss Paton, the queen of song, had an overflowing bumper on Thursday, and no house could hold an audience equal to her public deserts. The boy Burke, at the Surrey, had also a full benefit on Tuesday, and astonished the natives by the versatility of his precocious talents.

Florence, April 23, 1830.

THE English society at Florence have just enjoyed a treat of which it would be difficult to give you an adequate description. You must have heard of the private theatre of Lord Burghersh,* and the extraordinary success of the Italian operas of his own composition, which he has brought out upon it. It was known that since the production of the last of these, namely the *Fedra*, he had employed himself in writing to the old opera of *The Siege of Belgrade*; and of course the greatest anxiety prevailed amongst his countrymen to see how he would treat an English subject, and particularly one which in England had been so effective. It was understood that Lord Burghersh had never heard the old music of this drama; and the proof (as far as the absence of all similarity) was certainly clearly afforded at the production of this very delightful opera, which took place a week ago, and was repeated last night. The plan of the old drama has in some degree been changed: the parts of Catherine, Peter, and Ismael, have been very much augmented, and several additions have been made to the other parts of

* We have spoken of it repeatedly in the *L. G.*—Ed.

Ghita and Leopold. The consequence of this is, that the three parts of the ladies are become nearly equal, Catherine and Lilla being the two high sopranos, and Ghita the lower one.

The Seraskier remains the leading part amongst the men; but the part of Peter has been very much increased, and produced great effect. I send you the cast of these as they were filled up from amongst the amateurs residing here; and I assure you it boasts of talents you rarely see brought together on any stage. And now for some description of the opera. It was most successful, delightfully so: the music is entirely original; it has not the least resemblance to Lord B.'s other compositions; it is of as different a style from the *Fedra* or from the *Scompioglio*, as was his *Mass*, produced last year, from the operas he had formerly written. It is English music, but brought together with all the science, feeling, and taste, of his other productions—but to be judged of, you must hear it; and I hope it will not be long before it may be produced on a larger theatre. I make no comparisons with other music or with other composers; but feel satisfied the merits of this will establish it a first favourite wherever and whenever it is performed. Lord Burghersh's triumph has been complete throughout this opera. His Italian compositions had already been crowned with the most eminent success; but in the present instance it was thought that the English language, whatever might be the merit of the music, would sound hard to a Florentine audience. There never was a greater error; and in common with every Englishman present, I confess I felt a satisfaction not easily to be described, at the refutation of a sentiment which I have too often heard in the mouths of Englishmen, that our language was not adapted for music:—now, upon this occasion, there was not an Italian who did not admit, generally to their great surprise, that in the whole opera they had not heard a sound which was harsh or disagreeable, and that the language appeared to them in singing as harmonious as it was possible to desire. As this perhaps will be the only occasion when a test of such a nature can be had, as it is hardly possible, under any other circumstances, that an English opera should be produced before Italians, I could not refuse myself the pleasure of giving you these details.

VARIETIES.

Bridges.—Suspension bridges are increasing in number in France. A bridge of this description, recently finished at Forgals, on the Rhone, is mentioned as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Within the last six months a great improvement has been made in the manufacture of the chain cables used for this purpose. By a new process, the iron-founders are enabled to manufacture chains of equal strength and elasticity to those of Great Britain.

Ferdinand VII.—A colossal statue of this monarch, by M. Chardigny, a French sculptor, is about to be erected at Barcelona.

Appointment.—At the last sitting of the Academy of the Fine Arts in Paris, M. Granet was chosen to fill the place become vacant by the death of M. Taunay.

Elections.—At the last sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris, the following persons were elected to fill the six vacant seats: MM. Thurot, Champollion jun., Thierry, Lajard, Joubert, and Mionait.

Etruscan Antiquities.—A letter from Rome announces that some interesting discoveries

have been recently made at Tarquinia, Corneto, and other places in ancient Etruria. Eight or ten *tumuli* were opened to the west of Tarquinia. The painting of the interior of these sepulchral chambers was in good style, and in high preservation; but the sculpture on the outside was very inferior: several vases of large dimensions, and in the best style, covered with fabulous animals, were discovered in the tombs. Near Corneto were found two stone coffins, with couchant statues, which appear to have belonged to the time of the Lower Empire.

Bronze Colossal Elephant: Paris.—The enormous bronze elephant, which was originally intended to be placed as a fountain on the site of the Bastille in Paris, is now, it seems, to be fixed on a pedestal, in a vacant space in the *Champs Elysées*; M. A. Malavoine, the architect, having obtained from the city of Paris, for eighty years, the grant of the land in question, without rent, on condition of its reverting with the statue to the city, so as to become a national monument. The pedestal will be about 50 feet in height, and the castle on the back of the elephant will be at an elevation of 100 feet from the ground. Staircases to ascend to the castle will be made in the legs of the elephant, and the body will be fitted up elegantly as a saloon: persons entering the elephant to pay one franc for each admission: from this fee the architect expects to derive a large income.

The American Cow-tree.—Mr. Fanning, who was in England last summer, and brought with him some specimens of the cow-tree, the first ever seen here (but which unfortunately died), together with a drawing of the tree, and some of the milk dried in the form of lozenges, has written a letter, dated from Caraccas, in the month of February this year, to a gentleman to whose patronage he was much indebted whilst in London, in which he states that he was on the point of setting out for that part of the country called the *Silla*, for the purpose of procuring new specimens of this extraordinary plant, the existence of which, though attested by Von Humboldt, has been called in question by some persons. Mr. Fanning had great hopes that he should be more fortunate this time, and that the plants would arrive safe. He says they will reach England early in the summer.

Patent Safety Lock.—We have been favoured with an inspection of a new safety or protector lock, apparently of great merit. It has been declared that, however complicated may be the wards or interior of a lock, it cannot be called perfectly secure from an ingenious artist. The inventor of this new lock therefore proposes to guard the key-hole, so that any attempt to force or pick the lock, must of necessity be discovered. For this purpose a small box or chamber, with a lid similar to a snuff-box, is affixed over the front of the lock, with a key-hole corresponding in size with that of the lock. The lid of this chamber being open, the bolt is turned, and the key withdrawn in the usual way; after which a small paper label is laid over the key-hole, and the spring cover shut down, so as to prevent any possibility of its removal except by violence. The person having the key can thus, in all cases, see, before he again opens the lock, whether any attempt has been made to open it during his absence. It is the invention of a Mr. Gottlieb, who holds an appointment in the Excise Office, and is, we are told, patronised by the board.

Polish Chain Bridge.—A suspension bridge is about to be constructed across the Vistula, at Warsaw.

Carcasses.—In the Central Society of Agriculture in France a prize of 1,000 francs was adjudged to M. Payen for the best paper on the means of using the carcasses of domestic animals for agricultural purposes. The Society has offered a prize for the next year on the same subject.

Prisons.—The number of persons in confinement on the 31st December last, in the different prisons of the Netherlands, was 6,499, of whom 5,426 were males, and 1,173 females; being, as compared with the population, 1 to every 932.

Berlin.—A new museum of painting has been built at Berlin on a very splendid and extensive scale. It will be opened shortly, with a rich collection of paintings and sculpture. In this museum the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting are not suspended, as in this country; but are placed against screens, which form as it were alcoves in different parts of the room.

Population of Rome.—According to the late census, the population of Rome is now 144,541, being an increase in one year of 2,221. There are in the "Eternal City" 33,689 families, 35 bishops, 1,490 priests, 1,984 monks and friars, and 2,390 nuns. The Catholic inhabitants are 107,060; the remainder consists of Protestants.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser, No. XX. May 15.]

The Rev. John Romney is, we hear (and we are not sure that we have not mentioned it before), about to publish *Memoirs of the Life and Works of his Father, George Romney, the eminent painter*.—M. Lamartine announces new poems, under the title of *Histoires Poétiques et Religieuses*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hooker's British Flora, royal 12mo. 12s. bds.—Sir E. Belcher, by the Author of *Santo Sebastiano*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Maude's Traveller's Lay, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Douglas's Truths of Religion, 8vo. 6s. bds.—First Love, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Crossman's Sermons, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Stevens' Comments, Vol. XVII. 8vo. 10s. bds.—Draper's Sketches from the Volume of Creation, 12mo. 5s. hf. bd.—The Orphans of Lissau, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Main's Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory, fcp. 6s. bds.—Clive's Short-Hand, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Crocker on the Latin Subjunctive Mood, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Library of Useful Knowledge, Geography, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Ranulph de Rohais, a Romance of the 13th Century, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoir of the Controversy respecting the Three Heavenly Witnesses, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Stevens on the Sympathy of Christ, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Female's Encyclopedia, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 6	From 49. to 80.	29.91 to 29.74
Friday.... 7	49. — 77.	29.64 — 29.56
Saturday... 8	46. — 63.	29.49 — 29.48
Sunday.... 9	45. — 51.	29.34 Stationary
Monday... 10	41. — 32.	29.37 to 29.60
Tuesday... 11	37. — 50.	29.64 — 29.72
Wednesday 12	42. — 55.	29.73 — 29.81

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and N.W. Except the 6th and 7th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, .725 of an inch.

Elevation. Latitude.... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hesperus, * * * to a Maniac, and many other poetical favours, are unavoidably declined.

We have not read Mr. Babbage's book against the Royal Society, having only accidentally seen it on a bookseller's counter. It seemed bitter enough, and we shall probably be induced to canvass its opinions.

The Report of the Royal Institution, an interesting Letter from Calcutta, and many other papers, are postponed: the pressure of novelties upon us is at present very heavy.

The line on Bill Bury, the undertaker (who, according to the writer, has philologically transmitted his proper name for the act of interment), want novelty of point, though they have plenty of mere pun. We are tired of mutes dwelling on the mutability of life, and of serious indispositions carrying people to the grave; of undertaking persons' cases after the doctors had given them up, and of dead men being sailors because they were in the shrouds:—all these are lively jokes no longer, but dead and buried by Joseph (Miller) and his brethren.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, is now open, every Day, from Nine till Seven, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

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LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION, 1830.—All Works of Art intended for the ensuing Exhibition must be sent, addressed to the Liverpool Royal Institution, Colquhoun Street, to be delivered on or before the 27th July. For any further Information, apply to S. Austin, 27, Howard Street, Fitzroy Square, London; or Mr. John Turneas, Castle Street, Liverpool.

PLYMOUTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES. The Twelfth Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings will Open, at the Athenaeum, Plymouth, on Monday the 12th day of July next.

Artists and Proprietors who may be disposed to contribute Pictures to the Collection, will be pleased to send them on or before the 25th day of that Month.

The Committee engage to take all possible care that no injury be done to the Works entrusted to them, and to pay the expenses of land and water-carriage to and from Plymouth.
R. W. CORYDON, Secretary.
Athenaeum, Plymouth, May 10, 1830.

MR. FAWCETT having signified his intention of quitting the Stage at the Close of the present Season, the following professional Gentlemen held a Meeting this day, in the Theatre:—

Mr. C. Kemble
Sir George Smart
Mr. Mathews
Mr. Bartley
Mr. Abbott
Mr. Blanchard
Mr. Dursant
Mr. Egerton
Mr. Farley
Mr. Keeley
Mr. Meadows
Mr. Power
Mr. Ward
Mr. Wrench

Mr. C. KEMBLE was unanimously called to the Chair.

Resolved.—That the Gentlemen present do form themselves into a Committee for the purpose of assisting Mr. Fawcett, by every means in their power, on his Benefit, Thursday, May 30, being the last Night of his Appearance—that his retirement may be as brilliant as his professional talent and private worth have been conspicuous.

Resolved.—That such Members of the Committee who are Subscribers to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund do acknowledge, with gratitude and pride, that chiefly to Mr. Fawcett's exertions for more than 20 years, they owe the present prosperity of their Institution, whereby many Widows and veteran Actors are supported and relieved.

Resolved.—That as Miss Fanny Kemble and Mr. Mathews have already kindly volunteered their services on this occasion, that application be made to other distinguished Members of the Profession, to assist in varying the Entertainments, and enable the Committee to carry into effect the desirable object which they have in view.
(Signed) CHARLES KEMBLE, Chairman.

THE EARL OF MORTON'S COINS.

By Auction by Mr. SOTHEBY and SON, Wellington Street, Strand, on Thursday, June 3, and Five following Days (Sunday excepted), at Twelve o'clock, a most extensive and valuable Collection of Greek and Roman Coins and Medals, in Gold, Silver, and Copper, including a few Modern; formed by the Right Hon. James, Earl of Morton, who died in 1798, during a Residence on the Continent, under the Guidance and Advice of the Abbe Duane.

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To be viewed on Thursday, May 30; and Catalogues may be now had at the place of sale; also of the following Dealers in Coins and Medals.—Mr. Young, 41, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Mr. Coates, 21, Aldersgate Street; Mr. Tull, 17, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; and of Mr. Reynolds, High Holborn.

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